

MORE INNOCENCE ON THE REBOUND

Even though I've just
turned 33
have a college degree
several, if not a bellyfull,
of dull working years
lists of girls
I know
lived with
slept with
one night balled with,
seen Sandro Botticelli's
'Venus on a Half Shell' --
seen Roman Polanski's
'Tess of the D'Urbervilles' --
and even envisioned
Bukowski's 'Shot of Red Eye'
on a hot plate
full boil,
I still cannot help,
when lying coiled
here
with you,
lifting the flowered cover
down,
when you've fallen
asleep, and staring
at your bared
breast --
if only because I know
that if I get caught,
it can, and will be
at this late hour,
embarrassing
for me.

-- J. H. Parsons

White Rock, B.C., Canada

RELATIONSHIPS

She's working on her Master's
has had at least one abortion
used to be "into drugs"
and may go to Harvard
for her Ph.D. The

furniture is all hers
and the dishes and pots
and pans under the sink.
You're almost thirty and
don't know what you want
to do forever. At first
she says it's because you're
too sensitive and cooks
you Chinese food in her
wok. She likes wine and
cheese. You like beer
and pretzels. Her ex-
boyfriends were handsome
wrestlers, poets & musicians.
At least one was a
"rising star" in his field.
Your ex-girlfriends left you
the way they found you.
When you first move in together
she buys a gold chain for
your neck. After six
months she gets you
new underwear. In a
year you wake up,
kiss her back, her neck,
stroke her hips and try
to reach for her cunt.
She gets up and makes
coffee. You drink it
on the couch with a headache
while she runs
the vacuum cleaner
under your feet.

MEXICO

Kerouac called it "Fellaheen earth."
I still know it
as some barefoot place
far away as 1955.
Every winter drinking too much
I say I'll go there soon
driving an old Chevy nobody wants
to that spot on the map
I pull from the bookcase
the coldest night in January --
promises of poems and love.
\$3000 left me by a distant aunt